

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL

THE CELEBRATED
IRISH SONG



ARRANGED & SUNG BY
J. R. THOMAS.

COMPOSED BY

SAMUEL LOVER.

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I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL

Words and Music by

SAMUEL LOVER.

Allegro scherzando.

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear, I'm not myself at all.

Nothing caring, nothing knowing, 'Tis after you I'm going,

Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growing, Molly dear, Molly dear, And I'm

not myself at all. To-day I went confessin', And I

ask'd the father's blessin', But says I, 'don't give me one en-tire-ly, For I

fretted so last year. But the half o' me is here, So give the other half to Molly

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Brierly; Oh! I'm not myself at all.

VERSE.

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear, My appetite's so small.

I once could pick a goose, But my

buttons is no use, Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly

dear Molly dear, And I'm not myself at all. If

thus it is I waste, You'd better dear make haste Be-fore your lover's gone away en-

fire-ly; If you don't soon change your mind, No girl at home you'll find, And
 what 'ud you think o' that Molly Brierly? Oh! I'm not myself at all.

1st V. I'll be not myself at all Molly dear, Molly dear, 'Till you my own I call.
 3rd VERSE. Oh! my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear, Isn't like myself at all.

Since a change for me there came, Since
 For I've got so ve-ry thin, My
 you might change your name, And 'twould just come to the same Molly
 self says 'tisn't him, But that purty girl so slim Molly
 dear, Molly dear, Oh! 'twould just come to the same, For if
 dear, Molly dear, And I'm not myself at all. If
 you and I were one, All con-fusion would be gone, And 'twould simpli-fy the mat-ter en-
 thus I smaller grew, All fretting dear for you, 'Tis you should make me up the de-
 fire-ly, And 'twould save us so much bother, When we'll both be one a-nother, So
 iciency So just let Father Taaf Make you my better half, And
 listen now to say-son Molly Brier-ly; Oh! I'm not myself at all.
 you will not the worse of the addition be; Oh! I'm not myself at all.

